

DISCUSSION OF SLAVERY.

The following is the Introduction of the book entitled *Slavery*, by W. E. Channing, D. D. It is written with an eloquence, unsurpassed by any effort of modern times; and has acquired a just celebrity both in America and Europe. It has in my opinion, some errors, but, like the spots of the sun, their effect is lost in the overwhelming radiance of truth, which pours from every page of it. In animating upon the Abolitionists, although striving to be candid, he has not made sufficient allowance for human infirmity, the provocation of the times, and the contradiction of sinners. But his censures flowed from a heart warm with the love of truth and right. I have selected this article for your columns, because it contains some valuable views upon the importance of discussing the question of slavery. MELANCTHON.

INTRODUCTION.

The first question to be proposed by a rational being is, not what is profitable, but what is right. Duty must be primary, and the most conspicuous, governing the objects of human thought and pursuit. If we cast it down from its supremacy, if we inquire first for our interests and then for our duties, we shall certainly err. We can never see the Right clearly and fully, but by making it our first concern. No judgment can be just or wise, but that which is built on the conviction of the paramount worth and importance of Duty. This is the fundamental truth, the supreme law of reason; and the mind, which does not start from this in its inquiries into human affairs, is doomed to grief, perhaps fatal error.

The Right is the supreme good, and includes all other goods. In seeking and adhering to it, we secure our true and only happiness. All prosperity, not founded on it, is built on sand. If human affairs are controlled, as we believe, by Almighty Rectitude and Impartial Goodness, then to hope for happiness from wrong doing is as insane as to seek health and prosperity by rebelling against the laws of nature, by sowing our seed on the ocean, or making poison our common food. There is but one unfailing good—and that is, fidelity to the Everlasting Law written on the heart, and re-written and re-published in God's Word.

Whoever places this faith in the everlasting law of rectitude must of course regard the question of slavery first and chiefly as a moral question. All other considerations will weigh little with him, compared with its moral character and moral influences. The following remarks, therefore, are designed to aid the reader in forming a just moral judgment of slavery. Great truths, indelible rights, everlasting duties, these will form the chief subjects of this discussion. There are times when the assertion of great principles is the best service a man can render society.—The present is a moment of bewildering excitement, when men's minds are stormed and darkened by strong passions and fiercer conflicts; and also a moment of absorbing worldliness, when the moral law is made to bow to expediency, and its high and spirit requirement are derided or dismissed as metaphysical abstractions, or impracticable theories. At such a season, to utter great principles without passion, and in the spirit of unfeigned and universal good-will, and to engrave them deeply and durably on men's minds, is to do more for the world, than to open mines of wealth, or to frame the most successful schemes of policy.

Of late our country has been convulsed by the question of slavery; and the people, in proportion to which they have felt vehemently, have thought superficially, or hardly thought at all; and we see the results in a singular want of well defined principles, in a strange vagueness and inconsistency of opinion, and in the proneness to excess which belongs to unsettled minds. The multitude have been called, not to contemplate the horrors of slavery, and now to shudder at the ruin and bloodshed which must follow emancipation. The word Massacre has resounded through the land, striking terror into strong as well as tender hearts, and awakening indignation against whatever may seem to threaten such a consummation. The consequence is, that not a few dread all discussion of the subject, and if not reconciled to it, no stronger reason for a calm exposition of its true character can be given, than this very state of the public mind. A community can suffer no greater calamity than the loss of its principles. Lofty and pure sentiment is the life and hope of a people. There was never such an opportunity to discuss slavery as at this moment, when recent events have done much to cleanse the heart of all wrath and uncharitableness, who cannot hope that he is in a measure lifted up to the spirit of universal love. Even sympathy with the injured and oppressed may do harm, by being partial, exclusive, and bitterly indignant. How far the declaration of the spirit of freedom is to be ascribed to the cause now suggested I do not say. The effect is plain, and whoever sees and lauds the evil should strive to arrest it.

Slavery ought to be discussed. We ought to think, feel, speak, and write about it. But whatever we do in regard to it should be done with a deep feeling of responsibility, and so done as not to put in jeopardy the peace of the slave-holding States. On this point public opinion has not been and cannot be too strongly pronounced. Slavery, indeed, from its very nature, must be a ground of alarm wherever it exists. Slavery and security can by no device be joined together. But we may not, must not, by rashness and passion, increase the peril. To instigate the slave to insurrection is a crime for which no rebuke and no punishment can be too severe. This would be to involve slave and master in common ruin. It is not enough to say, that the Constitution is violated by any action endangering the slave-holding portion of our country. A higher law than the Constitution forbids this unholy interference. Were our national union dissolved, we ought to reprobate, as sternly as we now do, the slightest manifestation of a disposition to stir up servile war. Still more, were the free and the slave-holding States not only separated, but engaged in the fiercest hostilities, the former would deserve the abhorrence of the world, and the indignation of Heaven, were they to resort to insurrection and massacre as means of victory. Better were it for us to bare our own breasts to the knife of the slave, than to arm him with it against his master.

It is not by personal, direct action on the mind of the slave that we can do him good. Our concern is with the free. With the free we are to plead his cause. And this is peculiarly our duty, because we have bound ourselves to resist his own emancipation. We suffer him to do nothing for himself. The more, then, should be done for him. Our physical power is pledged against him in case of revolt. Then our moral power should be exerted for his relief. His weakness, which we increase, gives him a claim to the only aid we can afford, to our moral sympathy, to the free and faithful exposition of his wrongs. As men, as Christians, as citizens, we have duties to the slave, as well as to every other member of the community. On this point we have no liberty. The Eternal Law binds us to take the side of

the injured; and this law is peculiarly obligatory, when we forbid him to lift an arm in his own defence.

Let it not be said we can do nothing for the slave. We can do much. We have a power mightier than armies, the power of truth, of principle, of virtue, of right, of religion, of love. We have a power, which is growing with every advance of civilization, before which the slave-trade has fallen, which is mitigating the sternest despotisms, which is spreading education through all ranks of society, which is bearing Christianity to the ends of the earth, which carries in itself the pledge of destruction to every institution which debases humanity. Who can measure the power of Christian philanthropy, of enlightened goodness, pouring itself forth in prayers and persuasions, from the press and pulpit, from the lips and hearts of devoted men, and more and more binding together the wise and good in the cause of their race? All other powers may fail. This must triumph. It is legued with God's omnipotence. It is God himself acting in the hearts of his children. He has an ally in every conscience, in every human breast, in the wrong done himself. This spirit has but begun its work on earth. It is breathing itself more and more through literature, education, institutions, and opinion. Slavery cannot stand before it. Great moral principles, pure and generous sentiments, cannot be confined to this or that spot. They cannot be shut out by territorial lines, or local legislation. They are divine inspirations, and partake of the omnipresence of their Author. The deliberate, solemn conviction of good men through the world, that slavery is a grievous wrong to human nature, will make itself felt. To increase this moral power is every man's duty. To embody and express this great truth in every man's power; and thus every man can do something to break the chain of the slave.

There are not a few persons, who, from vulgar notions of thinking, cannot be interested in this subject. Because the slave is a degraded being, they think slavery a low topic, and wonder how it can excite the attention and sympathy of those who can discuss or feel for any thing else. Now the truth is, that slavery, regarded only in a philosophical light, is a theme worthy of the highest minds. It involves the gravest questions about human nature and society.—It carries us into the problems which have exercised for ages the highest understandings. It calls us to inquire into the foundation, nature and extent of human rights, into the distinction between a person and a thing, into the true relations of man and man, into the obligations of the community to each of its members, into the ground and laws of property, and above all into the true dignity and inalienable claims of a moral being. I venture to say, there is no subject, now agitated by the community, which can compare in philosophical dignity with slavery; and yet to multitudes the question falls under the same contempt with the slave himself. To many, a written scene to lower himself who touches it. The falsely refined, who want intellectual force to grasp it, pronounce it unworthy of their notice.

But this subject has more than philosophical dignity. It has an important bearing on character. Our interest in it is one test by which our comprehension of the distinctive spirit of Christianity must be judged. Christianity is the manifestation of the love of Universal Love. The great teaching of Christianity is, that we must recognize and respect human nature in all its forms, in the poorest, most ignorant, most fallen. We must look beneath "the flesh," to "the spirit." The spiritual principle in man is what entitles him to our brotherly regard. To be just to this is the great injunction of our religion. To overlook this, on account of condition or color, is to violate the great Christian law. We see a white man, and think that it is one design of God, in appointing the vast diversities of human condition, to put to the test and to bring out most distinctly the principle of love. It is wisely ordered, that human nature is not set before us in a few forms of beauty, magnificence, and outward glory. To be dazzled and attracted by these would be no sign of reverence for what is interior and spiritual in human nature. To lead us to discern and love this, we are brought into connexion with fellow-creatures, whose outward circumstances are repulsive. To recognize our own spiritual nature and God's image in the poorest, most degraded, and most fallen, is the chief way in which we are to manifest the spirit of Him, who came to raise the fallen and to save the lost. We see, then, the moral importance of the question of slavery; according to our decision of it, we determine our comprehension of the Christian law. He who cannot see a brother, a child of God, a man possessing all the rights of humanity, under a skin darker than his own, was the vision of a Christian. He worships the outward. The Spirit is not yet revealed to him. To look unmoved on the degradation and wrongs of a fellow-creature, because burned by a fiercer sun, proves us strangers to justice and love, in those universal forms which characterize Christianity. The greatest of all distinctions, the only enduring one, is moral goodness, virtue, religion. Outward distinctions cannot add to the dignity of this. The wealth of worlds is "not sufficient for a burnt-offering" on its altar. A being capable of this is invested by God with solemn claims on his fellow-creatures. To exclude millions of such beings from our sympathy, because of outward disadvantages, proves, that, in whatever else we surpass them, we are not their superiors in Christian virtue.

The spirit of Christianity, I have said, is distinguished by universality. It is universal justice. It respects all the rights of all beings. It suffers no being, however obscure, to be wrong, without condemning the wrong doer. Impartial, uncompromising, fearless, it sees no favorites, is dazzled by no power, spreads its shield over the weakest, summons the mightiest to its bar, and speaks to the conscience in tones, under which the mightiest have quailed. It is also universal love, comprehending those that are near and those that are far off, the high and the low, the rich and poor, descending to the fallen, and especially binding itself to those in whom human nature is trampled under foot. Such is the spirit of Christianity; and nothing but the illumination of this spirit can prepare us to pass judgment on slavery.

These remarks are intended to show the spirit in which slavery ought to be approached, and the point of view from which it will be regarded in the present discussion. My plan may be briefly sketched.

1. I shall show that man cannot be justly held and used as Property.
2. I shall show that man has sacred and infallible rights of which slavery is the infraction.
3. I shall offer some explanations to prevent misapplication of these principles.
4. I shall unfold the evils of slavery.
5. I shall consider the argument which the Scriptures are thought to furnish in favor of slavery.
6. I shall offer some remarks on the means of removing it.
7. I shall offer some remarks on abolitionism.
8. I shall conclude with a few reflections on the duties belonging to the times.

In the first two sections I propose to show that slavery is a great wrong, but I do not intend to pass sentence on the character of the slave-holder. These two subjects are distinct. Men are not always to be interpreted by their acts or institutions. The same acts in different circumstances admit and even require very different constructions. I offer this remark, that the subject may be approached without prejudice or personal reference. The single object is to state great principles. Their bearing on individuals will be a subject of distinct consideration.

To PREVENT THE HEAD-ACHE.—Eat moderately at regular hours; masticate thoroughly; eat more vegetables, and less animal food; eat no fat or oily substances, and drink only pure, cold water.—*Vermont Telegraph.*

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1836.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

We copy the following affecting story from the *Western Christian Advocate*. The statement was made by a Methodist Local Preacher, who was himself the sufferer. A pious negro who was converted through his instrumentality, was present and heard the relation, and repeated it to the correspondent of the above-mentioned paper. The writer has seen others who knew Jack, and he believes the narrative may be relied on as one of truth. We give it a conspicuous place, as it most evidently deserves it.

"When I was a lad (said Jack in his sermon) there were no religious people in the neighborhood where I lived. But I had a young master about my own age, who was going to school; and as he was very fond of me, at night he would come into the kitchen to learn me the lessons, he had learned himself during the day, at school.—In this way I learned to read. When I was well high grown up, we took the New Testament, and agreed to read it through verse by verse; and when one would make any mistake, the other was to correct him, for the purpose of learning to read well. In a short time we both became sensible that we were sinners before God, and jointly agreed to seek the salvation of our souls. The Lord heard our mutual prayer, gave us both religion, and I commenced holding meetings for prayer and exhortation, among the black people in the neighborhood.

My old master soon found out what was going on, and was very angry, especially on account of his son's having become religious; and he forbade my holding any more meetings, saying that if I did, he would chastise me severely for it. From that time however, I continued to preach or exhort on Sabbath nights, and on Monday morning my old master would tie me up, and cut my back to pieces with the cowhide; so that it never had time to get well, and I was obliged to perform my work in a great deal of pain from day to day.

This state of things continued nearly eighteen months; when on one Monday morning, my master, as usual, had me by my fellow slaves bind me to a shade tree in the yard, after stripping my back naked to receive the cowhide. It was a beautiful morning in summer time, and the sun shone exceedingly bright, and every thing around appeared very pleasant. He approached me with cool deliberation, took his stand and surveyed me narrowly, but the cowhide hung motionless at his side. It was an eventful moment in the history of his life—when conscience triumphed over the malignant spirit of a persecuting tyrant.

"Well, Jack, your back is all covered with scars and sores, and I see no place to begin to whip. You indelible wretch, how long do you intend to go on in this way?"

"Why, master, just so long as the Lord will let me live," was my reply.

"Well, what is your design in it?"

"Why in the morning of the resurrection, when my poor body shall rise from the grave, I intend to show these scars to my Heavenly Master, as so many witnesses of my faithfulness in his cause here upon earth."

He ordered me to be untied, and sent me to hoe corn in the field. Late in the evening, he came along pulling up a weed here, and a weed there, till he got to me, and told me to sit down.

"Jack," said he, "I want you to tell me the truth, honestly. You know for a long time you have been constantly sore from the cowhide, and had to work very hard, and are a poor slave; now tell me, are you happy or not, under such afflictions as these?"

"Yes, master, I believe I am as happy a man as there is on earth."

"Well, Jack, I am not happy. Your religion, you say, teaches you to pray for those that persecute you. Now will you pray for your old master, Jack?"

"Yes, with all my heart," said I.

We knelt down, and I prayed for him. He came again and again to me, and I prayed for him in the field, till he found peace in the blood of the Lamb. We afterward lived together like brothers in the same church, and on his death-bed he gave me my liberty, and told me to go on preaching as long as I lived, and meet him at last in heaven. I have seen many Christians I loved, but I have never seen any I loved so well as my old master, and I have no doubt I shall meet him in heaven."

At the instance of a proprietor, we shall send a few numbers of the Herald to several of our brethren beyond the limits of its present circulation. We ask them to examine it, and if convenient, to give us their aid in enlarging our subscription list.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

WILBRAHAM WESLEYAN ACADEMY.

MR. EDITOR.—With you, as with many of your patrons, the general history and character of this Institution are familiar. From what little I have been able to learn of its origin, it is emphatically a child of Providence, born not out of due time, but just at a period when the imperious voice of necessity demanded it. Not, however, without labor, in wealth and splendor, amid the rejoicings of an approving populace, but more like Him whose cause it has gloriously subserved, in obscurity and want, with few only to cherish its existence, and aid it through the feebleness of infancy, up to youth and maturity. That their confidence was not misplaced, and their efforts ill-directed, its ripening years have abundantly shown. For while it has stored the minds of hundreds, if not thousands of our youth, with varied and useful knowledge, it has taught the heart lessons of experience and love, without which, knowledge puffeth up. Under its fostering care, and pious counsels, many have accepted of proffered mercy. Some have come to their reward, others remain to preserve it in useful existence, while others still stand high on the walls of Zion, preaching Jesus and the resurrection.

The first I recollect to have heard of this Institution, was nearly eight years since. As I was then about entering upon a thorough course of study, a friend referred me to this Institution, as one that afforded superior facilities for acquiring a preparatory education. On further inquiry, I learned that it stood above parallel in New-England, especially in the esteem of your denomination; and I should probably have availed myself of its advantages, had it not been for some local circumstances connected with another of similar character. These overruled my judgment, and fixed the scene of my studies in another and distant part. The result was, I lost my prepossession for Wilbraham, so that either for want of time, or interest, I never visited the institution, till about the middle of last August, when being in the neighborhood, and understanding the Annual Examination was in progress, I obtained an introduction to the gentlemen of the faculty, and by their politeness took a seat with the Examining Committee. This of course gave me a fine opportunity to test the truth of report, which I needed no prompting to do. Classes in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, were called forward and after translating and parsing portions, —not on which they had been drilled a week for the occasion, as is too often the case, but of the committee's own selection,—they passed a very close examination. I will not say to the satisfaction only, but to the admiration even of many present. Classes in Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry, Botany, Grammar, &c., were also critically examined, with equal honor to their tutors and themselves.—Every effort was successful. Such a luxury, I have sel-

dom enjoyed. Two days passed like a cheerful evening, and resulted in this unlooked-for conclusion to my mind, viz., that "the one half was never told me."

One little circumstance which served to exalt the pleasure of the whole performance, I will relate. On the forenoon of the second day, we were invited into the Ladies' Department, most splendidly ornamented with various choice productions of nature and art, to hear music, &c. Here we were interested with several pieces of composition of a very serious character. Two of them were peculiarly affecting—one describing the character, and dying scene of a sister, the other the parting of the Missionary. While these were being read, every feeling was aroused—every heart was full. The scene described seemed before us! We saw the Missionary! We heard him pray, and say, "farewell." The tear started in his eye, but wiping it quick away, he asked for strength and took his flight.

The dying sister, once fair as Pleiades, struggled before us. O my soul, what a burst of feeling! What a gush of sympathy! The God of love was there. Happy moment! It can never be forgotten. The Missionary Hymn was then sung, accompanied by the piano forte, which concluded the exercises of that department.

Having been so much gratified with the examination, I naturally felt a little solicitude to know by what process these results were brought about. I therefore, sought an opportunity to make some inquiries, which led me to a particular knowledge of the whole establishment, some items of which, I may possibly hereafter give you.

Yours, &c.,

AN OBSERVER.

We thank the unknown author for the above communication. The circumstances under which his knowledge of the Wilbraham Academy was obtained, and the way in which it has been communicated to us, being wholly unsolicited, make it doubly valuable. We hope to hear from him again, as he hints at the close.

"UNTRUTH AND INCONSISTENCY."—We stated in the Herald, some few weeks since, that the infidels in Winchendon, in this state, had made application for admission into the Universalist Society in that place, and that, upon being denied, they manifested some disappointment respecting it. Shortly after this, a person by the name of J. V. Wilson, we suppose a Universalist preacher in that place, publicly denied the statement, but before he finished his letter, he unwittingly admitted that it was true. We took notice of this, which brought him out again as follows:

"As the case now stands before the public, it would seem, if this editor be believed, (the editor of the Zion's Herald) that I am guilty of 'untruth and inconsistency,' charges under which I do not like to stand. And in reply, I say once more, that the infidels of Winchendon never did apply for admission into the Universalist Society there, and of course were not rejected."

Now the truth of the matter is, Mr. Wilson first made this statement to the public, and here it is, in his own words, with his own signature, as published in the Trumpet, some time in August last.

"At our first meeting, we were visited by some skeptics, or, as they said they should be willing to be called, Free Inquirers or Kneeland men. They said they should like to associate with us in the formation of a Society, or in the advancement of liberal principles."

We are aware how Mr. Wilson will creep out. He will say that they did not apply for admission into the Society, but wished to associate with them in the formation of one. But such miserable quibbling as this, worthy a professed minister of the gospel? Is it, in short, any thing better than a downright falsehood? Let him extricate himself if he can, from the imputation of "untruth and inconsistency."

Since writing the above, we have seen an attempt by Mr. Whittemore in the Trumpet, to apologize for Mr. Wilson. He saw that his brother had got into a bad place, and he has taken hold of his arm to get him out.—But it won't do. He who gives an impression contrary to the truth, knowing that he is doing so, is guilty of falsehood, to all intents and purposes.

LETTERS FROM REV. DANIEL LEE.—The Christian Advocate and Journal contains two letters from Rev. Daniel Lee, dated April 7 and 19, 1836. They do not contain any thing relative to the mission with which he is connected, but a journal of his travels on the Sandwich Islands, where he has sometime been for the recovery of his health. Nothing however is said respecting his health.

MISSOURI CONFERENCE.—We learn from the Western Christian Advocate, that this Conference commenced its session at St. Louis, Sept. 14th, and closed the 23d. Bishop Roberts presided. Much Christian affection and harmony prevailed. Their increase has been 1,115. 51 preachers were stationed—11 received on trial—2 located and 2 had died. Collection at the Mission meeting \$842.

TENNESSEE CONFERENCE.—The Western Methodist states, that the Annual session of the Tennessee Conference opened at Columbia, Tennessee, Oct. 5th. Bishop Morris presided. Eighteen or twenty were admitted into full connection—ordained deacons, 11 travelling and 11 local—ordained elders, 10 travelling and 15 local.

[From our Correspondent]

QUEBEC.

Wesleyan Methodists.—Their financial operations.—Their usages.—Plains of Abraham.—Government House.—Catholic Church and Seminary.—Military works.

MY DEAR SIR.—After visiting the Falls of Montmorency, which I described in my last, but little of the day remained for viewing the objects of interest in the city. I therefore took the evening for rest, and deferred the laborious task of perambulating the streets, until the next Monday. On Sunday, I attended the Wesleyan Chapel, and heard an excellent sermon in the good old Wesleyan style. In the evening, I preached myself to a large and attentive assembly. The Wesleyans have no service in the afternoon, till about 6 o'clock, which answers for afternoon and evening. They spend the rest of the afternoon in Sunday School and Bible Class exercises—a most excellent arrangement.

They are here, fair specimens of the Methodism of the mother country; and all their missionary, itinerant and financial plans are the same. They have no embarrassments in the last respect, but their fiscal plans work systematically, that every thing goes on regularly and efficiently. I had a long conversation with one of their stewards.—He had learned something of the irregular state of our monied plans in the States, and expressed a profound surprise that they were not reformed—not merely by the official authorities of the church in General Conference, but if they would not ameliorate them, the people ought to render them a practical nullity. The actual wants of the ministry, and not prescribed rules, (unless those rules were adequate in their provisions) ought to be the standard of their allowances. The whole secret of the success of their finances, is the weekly class collections. This gentleman was intelligent and pious, and the throwing into the conversation many details of Christian experience and evangelical remarks, in the genuine Wesleyan style, added much to the interest of the conversation.

The Methodists here, glory in the valuable old usages of the cause. They all kneel in prayer, and each man, woman and child, with hymn book in hand, sings with might and main, along with the leader. The result is a lively devotion, in striking contrast with that cold, dead thing, so common in many parts of New England, called

Methodism. A man who would not kneel in time of prayer, would hardly be acknowledged as one of the brotherhood, or would be assailed with a good hearty exhortation as a backslider, here.

On Monday, I visited the different resorts of strangers in the city. I walked by a fine road through the gate of St. Louis, to the memorable Plains of Abraham, about two miles distant. They are divided, and fenced in as ordinary fields. A small monument, a cylindrical pillar on a pedestal of stones, designates the spot where Wolfe fell, by the following simple inscription—"Here Wolfe fell victorious." I next called at the Governor's residence, or castle of St. Louis, which is but a pile of ruins, having been burned a few years since. It hangs on the declivity of the hill, and must have presented an interesting aspect in the picture of the city, in its original state. At its base, the rock is nearly 200 feet in perpendicular height. It commands the best prospect of the city and its environs of any position to be obtained by the visitor.

The Catholic Church, near the market house, contains some fine paintings. At every time I called, some kind of service was going on. All the mummery of European Catholicism is practised here. The Seminary adjacent to it, is a vast parallelogram, built of massive stone material, which may bid defiance to centuries. It is encompassed by a spacious garden, walled in, and including about seven acres. I had here, as in many other cases, to intrude myself without much ceremony. I passed through a number of its apartments, and at last found myself amid the arbors of a garden, in the rear of the edifice, where I met with a priest, who explained to me as well as his broken English would allow, the system of instruction. It is similar to that of the College of Montreal, which I described in a former letter. The chapel, decorated with numerous paintings, some of them excellent. The one over the altar struck me as at once ridiculous and blasphemous. It represents the holy family in the manger, with the Spirit descending as a dove over the head of Christ, while God as an aged man, looks down from a mass of clouds in the heavens. This profanity however, is of high sanction, and will be probably of reputable character, while the works of Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel shall continue.

The ancient Jesuitical Monastery near the market house, is a stupendous pile of buildings, once the quiet and sedentary abode of ruminating religionists—now the halls and apartments ring with the noise and confusion of military barracks, and its gardens are converted into parade grounds. The military works on the cape, or point of the peninsula, exceed all description, and are grand beyond imagination. They are next to the fortifications of Gibraltar. Their prominent location gives them a boldness which, heightened by frowning walls and numerous cannon, produces a powerful effect. The sight of those works, and more particularly the prospect they afford of surrounding scenery, is alone worthy of a visit to Quebec. They are so extensive as to form a town of themselves.

A. S.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

REVIVAL AT MARSHFIELD.

BR. BROWN.—It is a matter of great joy to me, to hear through the medium of your paper, of the prosperity of Zion. And I am inclined to think that my brethren in the ministry and membership are like minded. I would therefore, with your permission, say to them, through the medium of your paper, that the Lord has favored us with a few drops of mercy in this place. Our church has been on the rise ever since our Camp Meeting, and some we think have found the blessing of perfect love, while others are hungering and thirsting after it.

Our Four Days Meeting, which commenced on the 27th of September, was a good season; although there were no souls converted, and but two or three who manifested a desire for religion during the meeting. The first Saturday evening after it closed, five came forward for prayers, and on Monday evening five again, three of whom professed to have experienced religion. Since that time, the good work has been going on, and we now number 20 souls who have professed to have found the enjoyment of religion, since our meeting closed.

WILLIAM RAMSDALL.

Marshfield, Nov. 8.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

DOVER, N. H.

We have peaceful times in this place. The members of the church are generally well united, the work of holiness is spreading I think in the church, and as a matter of course, some are inquiring what they must do for us, if we, as a church, lived up to our high privilege? May God grant, that holiness may be more generally sought for and enjoyed by all professing Christians. Then would infidelity and its concomitant evils cease, and the peaceful principles of Christianity prevail, until our world would be revolutionized, and war and oppression be known no more. May God hasten the time.

Yours, &c.

J. PERKINS.

Dover, N. H., Nov. 3.

"READING THE SCRIPTURES IN OUR CHURCHES."—We have received a communication from an esteemed brother on this subject. He complains that the reading of the Scriptures as a part of the pulpit exercises on the Sabbath, is neglected in some cases, though he would not intimate that it is in many. The requirements of our Discipline on this point, are definite. Our correspondent alludes to them as follows:

But whatever the cause is, it should speedily be removed. No minister, I apprehend, can omit this, without neglecting one important ministerial duty. See Discipline, ch. I. sec. 21, in answer to the question, "What direction shall be given for the establishment of uniformity in public worship among us, on the Lord's day?" Let the morning service consist of singing, prayer, the reading of a chapter out of the Old Testament, and another out of the New. In the afternoon, read one or two chapters, &c."

THE YOUNG ROVER.—By the author of the "Waymark."—We have perused this little book with much pleasure, and highly approve the character of its contents. As a publication directed to the youthful mind, it cannot but be interesting and beneficial, containing as it does, correct religious instruction, blended with animated and accurate descriptions of country life. To the Sabbath School Library, the "Young Rover" will be a valuable acquisition.

Brother George Coles, at present editor of the New York Weekly Messenger, and wlo, by the way, is a good editor as well as a fine musician, made some remarks in his paper recently, against the use of tobacco. Some of his pig-tailed correspondents took offence at this, and retorted, most wonderfully severe, by asking, "Can a Christian consistently indulge himself in the use of instrumental music?" The following is Brother Coles' reply:—

It is certain that the love of music is innate in many, but, so far as we are acquainted with the subject, the love of tobacco is not, but the reverse. In the beautiful descriptions of heaven, given us in the Bible, it is often intimated that music constitutes a part of the felicity of the blest, while it is more than intimated, that nothing that is unclean or defiled, shall enter that holy place. It is worthy of observation, that in the Psalms of David, we find not only the sublimest prophecies and most fervent prayers, but also the severest trials, and even the threats of his enemies are thrown into verse by the Psalmist, and were sung by him to his "stringed instrument," or, as one expresses it, were "played off on the harp."

Music, we believe, lightens toil, assuages pain, banishes care, tranquillizes the soul, elevates the spirits when

depressed, calms them when of the first feelings of which children and young people are for study, and relieves it as a hard task. Among dangers of home; and where there we have no doubt, the is preferable to the musical toilet confess that we would soon ano, than all the arguments our life.

So had we, Dr. Coles. A like instrumental music, companion to church sing this prejudice last wearing instruments are not only in most cases, indispensable time, to give our thoughts

A REFORMER.—A Unit by the name of John Greedy a pamphlet, which he e "The Bramble," an Esy formed on the plan of tol in favor of Bible Te burn."

Mr. Whittemore most p receive the sentiments of of the Universalist commu he knows that they are not

A great change then, m for we know that that "e liver, sneering, and abusi of the Temperance reform is hardly a town in New I versalists, but what will at tions. We are inclined to more himself, was first not this? That the denomi from his own statements made.

Although Mr. Whittemore ranks last, we rejoice that pleasure in saying, that sin he has labored heartily and we have understood, he ha sition from those of whom things. We very much w to enlist so few of his min and with him, we must there is even one man, a preacher of the gospel—a l to men—whose sentiments standard of the age, as to liquor, and to publish practice of drinking run, q more that will make men b Some opinion may be for following sentences.

"Shall we tamely submit low them to rivet upon our slavery? No! Let every religion, say in the tones spurn your base attempts to wrap it into submission to y "The wisdom of God is destroying and rebellious ch perance societies.) Why is your Father, and his holy w "The doctrine of total ab ble doctrine; it is at war w be considered a human inv does not approve, cannot sta the rights of our republic. Sh freely spoken marshal the ELECTION, then look well every heart a shield, and w to preserve the ark of our o We are glad to see by th the above pamphlet has b Hoe?" designed to uproot ory.

The article in our last pap ment," by the Author of books were written by a pio long been confined to her d sious of doing good, she h ments for some time past in which are full of wholesome ment." by a small book, c ment;" by the Author of books were written by a pio long been confined to her d sious of doing good, she h ments for some time past in which are full of wholesome ment."

Poetry.

SABBATH MORNING.

Oh 'tis an hour when holy love,
Might smile amidst earth's scenes of woe,
The heavens are all in peace above,
And all seems hushed and calm below;
A soothing influence, to the breast
Refreshing as the dews of even,
Lulls each disturbing care to rest,
And steals the thoughts from earth to heaven.

The guiltless band of seraph powers
Smile sweetly on the earth's repose,
And o'er the sober-vested hours
His influence the Spirit throws;
Sweet Sabbath-time, the Christian's friend,
Star of his being's rayless days,
To thee his fond affections tend—
His sad breast lightens in thy rays.

The bell from yonder windowed tower
Sends forth upon the still air
Its music notes, to tell the hour
Has come of benediction and prayer,
And as each sound that floated wide
Dies in the quietness profound,
Seems some a zephyr's sigh to chide
The sacred spell that breathes around.

The pilgrim on the mountain's brow,
Deep musing as he onward goes,
Now winds far down the steep, and now
Glides through the shadowy vale's repose;
He seeks the church, where truth and love
His heaven-directed soul endear
And peace sits brooding like a dove,
The heavy-laden heart to cheer.

Blest day, the Christian wanderer mourns,
Who in time's shadowy pathway strays,
When even with chilling damps returns
To dim thy sun's departing rays;
But soon, he, on the dark sea's shore
With worn and weary feet shall stand,
And hail the bright inheritance
Of the eternal Sabbath-land!

J. M. S.

Presbyterian.

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died, in Ellington, Conn., Aug. 5th, 1836, MARIAN PATTON, in the 32d year of her age. Much might be said in favor of the deceased, although a member of no visible church; yet those who were the most intimately acquainted with her, thought her to be a person of religious experience, while in health, and during a protracted illness by consumption, she was resigned to her situation, and when death approached, calm and composed, she committed her spirit to God who gave it, while her body rests in the grave.

JAMES O. DEAN.

Monson, Mass., Oct. 10.

Miscellaneous.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, CHILDREN! stop a moment. I wish to talk a little with you.
Good parents are a great blessing. I hope you have such.—If you have, I suppose you go to the Sabbath School; for that is a place of inestimable worth to such as would gain true wisdom, and all good people should direct their children in the way of wisdom.

Well, if you have been long in the Sabbath School, and have been attentive, you have heard and treasured up many precious things. You know who was the first man, and the first woman; and how holy and happy the Lord made them.—You know too, how they sinned against the Lord, and were driven from his presence, and had no source of happiness. They were without God, as a friend, in the world. They had become his enemies. They had no peace in this world, nor any hope of glory in the world to come. All this you have heard at the Sabbath School, and I presume you have read about it in the Bible. What a blessed book that is; and how is the goodness of God revealed in giving it to us.

You are happy I hope, that the Lord did not leave us to perish in that state, I have just mentioned. You have heard the news of salvation.

"SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!

What pleasure to our ears!

A sovereign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears."

The promise was soon made, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. Now that seed of the woman was to be a Saviour. And has he come? Let us see. Angels have sung "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men." And why? Because there was born that "day in the city of David, that is, Bethlehem, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The Lord then has come from heaven, and been clothed in flesh, and has died for us. He has shed his most precious blood to wash away our sins. He has risen from the dead, and gone up to heaven. There he has prepared a happy home for those who love him in this world. And he has sent his Holy Spirit to prepare those, who desire with all their heart to go to heaven, for enjoyment in the delightful mansions of glory.

My dear children, have you not heard about all these things? Could you not give a very correct account of them, and also much to what I have said? Your teachers, no doubt have talked with you on the importance of loving and serving the Lord. Surely, such wonderful love, such infinite condescension on the part of the Saviour, should constrain you to love him. O try to pray to him, and worship God with your whole heart.

Have you not sung the sweet little hymn, the first verse of which is:—

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way!"

It is delightful; and if your minds are interested in the performance of worship, it will be pleasing in the sight of the Lord. A great many of the hymns which you sing, are addressed to Him. You should not take such words upon a thoughtless tongue. But when you sing think you are addressing the Lord. And I will close, dear Children, by saying, do every thing, remembering that the Lord sees you, and if you do right, he will bless you. I am your friend,

STILLMAN.

Boston, Nov. 10.

THE FALLEN!

I had a happy, prosperous friend. His nobly expanded brow, and his dark and piercing eye, bespoke an intellect of giant strength, capable of the most intense, unwarred application. When wandering by the beautiful Connecticut, or roaming o'er the craggy hills and delightful valleys of my native state, or when unskillfully managing the ill-poised skiff on the clear, blue lake, he was ever the watchful attendant, ever the guardian angel of my wayward, dangerous course. His eye beamed the heavenly benevolence of his soul. Every act exhibited the purity and generosity of his unsuspecting, confiding heart.

Time rolled rapidly onward. He encountered, with infinite pleasure and satisfaction, the numerous obstacles which lay in his path to extensive usefulness, and consequent fame and glory. With manly strength, even in the days of boyhood, he grappled with the most forbidding subjects of ancient or modern science. Conscious of his masterly powers, he hastened with rapid strides to the summit of the hill of science, leaving his tardy companions far beneath. His name began to be known. His genius itself, polished by education, flashed light upon many subjects hitherto dark and obscure.

Suddenly a change, an unaccountable change, appeared in his whole conduct. His countenance told of something which rankled continually in his restless bosom. He was a captured slave! I hardly need say more. 'Tis painful to tell the story of his capture; it was affecting to witness his vain, his futile efforts to resist and defeat the schemes of the destroyer. 'Twas melting, yes, it broke up the fountains of the soul, to see him fall—and fall forever! And now, behold him where he lies! A noble pile in ruins! Yet how costly, how magnificent, how imperishable those ruins! Undecaying as the mountains of everlasting adamant! Whence this dread catastrophe? Who the perpetrator of this darkest, foulest crime? See him, there, hide his fensid visage! See him far-three down, writhing beneath the torturing lash of his own guilty conscience! Ah, behold! lighted up in his tormented bosom, the livid flames of an unending hell! Turn, haste away!—O hear his unearthly, unavailing cries! He put the cup to his neighbor's lips. God commanded him, high on his eternal throne, to refrain, to desist. True, 'twas a cup of wine; but it proved the first link of an unbroken chain, which bound him a sacrifice to the insatiable monster, intemperance—that Juggernaut of wholesale misery and destruction.

L. M.

Newbury Seminary, Sept. 20.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE NORTH.

At a public meeting held at Columbia, S. C., Senator Preston made a speech in reference to the Charleston and Cincinnati Rail Road. His remarks, as will be seen, are replete with complimentary allusions to the North, with which he is acquainted by personal observation. It is extracted from the Columbia Telescope.

"Mr. Preston, in his speech concerning the Rail Road, on Monday last, drew a very striking contrast between the difference of character of the people of the Northern and of the Southern parts of the Union, and the consequently opposite condition of the countries that they inhabit.

He said that no Southern man can journey (as he had lately done) through the Northern States, and witness the prosperity, the industry, the public spirit, which they exhibit—the sedulous cultivation of all those arts by which life is rendered comfortable and respectable—without feelings of deep sadness and shame, as he remembers his own neglected and desolate home. There, no dwelling is to be seen abandoned, no farm uncultivated, no man idle, and every thing performs a part towards the grand result, and the whole land is covered with fertile fields, with manufactures, and canals, and rail roads, and public edifices, and towns and cities. Along the route of the great New York canal, (that glorious monument of the glorious memory of De Witt Clinton) a canal, a rail road, and a turnpike, are to be seen in the width of perhaps a hundred yards, each of them crowded with travel, or overflowing with commerce. Throughout their course, lands that before their construction would scarcely command five dollars the acre, now sell for fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred. Passing along it, you see no space of three miles without a town or village, and you are never out of the sound of a church bell.

We of the South are mistaken in the character of these people, when we think of them only as peddlers in lorn flints and bark nutmegs. Their energy and enterprise are directed to all objects, great and small, within their reach. At the fall of a scanty rivulet they set up their little manufactory of wooden buttons or combs—they plant a barren hill side with broom corn, and make it into brooms at the bottom—and on its top they erect a windmill. Thus at a single spot you may see the air, the earth and the water, all working for them.—But at the same time the ocean is whitened to its extremities with the sails of their ships, and the land is covered with their works of art and usefulness.

Massachusetts is perhaps the most flourishing of the Northern States. Yet of natural productions she exports but two articles—granite and ice. Absolutely nothing but rock and ice! Every thing else of her commerce, from which she derives so much, is artificial—the work of her own hands.

All this is done in a region with a bleak climate and sterile soil, by the energy and intelligence of the people. Each man knows that the public good is his individual advantage. The number of rail roads and other modes of expeditious intercommunication, knits the whole country into a closely compacted mass, through which the productions of commerce and of the press, the comforts of life and the means of knowledge, are universally diffused; while the close intercourse of travel and business makes all men neighbors, and promotes a common interest and common sympathy. In a community thus connected, a single flash of thought pervades the whole land, almost as rapidly as thought itself can fly. The population becomes, as it were, a single set of muscles, animated by one heart, and directed by a common sensorium.

How different the condition of things in the South! Here, the face of the country wears the aspect of premature old age and decay. No improvement is seen going on—nothing is done for posterity—no man thinks of any thing beyond the present moment. Our lands are yearly tasked to their utmost capacity of production, and when exhausted are abandoned for the youthful West. Because nature has been prodigal to us, we seem to

think it unnecessary to do any thing for ourselves. The industry and skill that have converted the inclement and barren hills of New England into a garden, in the genial climate and fertile soil of the South would create almost a paradise. Our natural advantages are among the greatest with which providence has blessed mankind, but we lack the spirit to enjoy and improve them. The rich ore is beneath our feet, yet we dig not for it. The golden fruit hangs from the bough, and we lift not our hands to gather it. The cask of delicious liquor is before our eyes, but we are too lazy even to broach it. In thinking, in writing, and in talking, we are equal to any people on the face of the earth—but we do nothing but think, write and talk."

MORE WORDS ABOUT WOMAN.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Never did knight enter the lists at joust or tournament, to shiver a lance, or win a prize, under the bright glance of his lady-love, with a lighter heart, or a fuller flush of anticipated victory, than I again resume my pen, to prove fair woman's superiority over man.

"The child's the father of the man," sings Wordsworth, and the budding tyranny of boyhood vouches for the fact. The fair-haired girl is content with her little doll, smoothing the pillow in its tiny cradle, and fancying a mother's care; while the boy is a-field, robbing the poor bird of its young. He brings them home, and, perhaps for a day, their chirping may arrest his attention; he then grows weary, and the fair-haired girl becomes their step-mother and nurse. She takes them up stairs, has them placed by her little cot, and in the dark night she arises to feed them. If one dies, she sheds tears for its loss—she puts it in her bosom, deeming that so innocent a nest will restore it to life; nay, she digs it a grave, and plants flowers over it, and great is her grief when she finds that her brother has disinterred it for the cat.

The youth is at the door, wagging war among the poultry with his bow and arrow, or with his wooden sword enacting the part of Napoleon among his playmates; while the little sister is watering her flowers, or sitting at her mother's feet, with tearful eyes, listening to the tale of the "Babes in the Wood," or some such pathetic ballad. She is busied in laying down crumbs for the poor robin to eat, while he, at a little distance is preparing his brick trap to catch the unsuspecting warbler.—When it rains, he amuses himself by destroying the flies that hum in the window-pane—while she watches the silver drops, and thinks of the tears fallen from angels' eyes. So in childhood are the seeds of tender emotion sown; the woman is in possession of the breast, the tender plants of pity, and love, and hope, and sorrow, and fear—flowers that spring up in a future day, and make her still the beloved Eden—the garden of which gods have been enamored, when they left their stony mansions like a dove, and alighted, with subsided pinions, beside the lovely daughters of Eve.

Sweet, uncomplaining woman, she leaves her home and her friends, and becomes a wife; the scenes that are imprinted upon her memory are forsaken, and she puts all her trust and hope of future happiness upon a man. She sheds a few natural tears when crossing the threshold, and like a tender lily, drooping upon her husband's bosom, she is borne away. She reckons not then that her whose voice is soft and penetrating, sinking into the very heaviness of her heart, will ere long leave her for the noisy chase, the tavern-dinner, and the midnight revel. What hours will she sit alone without a murmur, looking love in the face of her first-born. But see, her face lightens with joy, he has come. No! he enters not, there is a confused noise in the passage, a mixture of many voices, they have borne him drunk to bed! The bottle has a greater charm for him than the prattle of his baby, or the angelic features of his wife; a face, perhaps, and a mind, for which monarchs would resign realms to call their own.

Oh, woman! thou art lovely in thy sorrow;—how my heart has ached to see thee smile, when peace has been far from thee. Man, alas! is the darkening cloud that too often dims the sun of her beauty. The clear blue serenity of the morning of her youth would expand to a full unclouded day, and sink down into a twilight of repose, and not for the rosy hues of her own brightness, were it not for the desolating march of man, who spreads his blackening thunder upon her tranquility. She would

"Walk in beauty like the night

Of cloudless lands and starry skies,"

if left to her own innocence. Why drag such lovely flowers from the tender stem, and wear their fragrant beauty for an hour in triumph, then dash them heartlessly aside to wither for ever? How much has woman suffered through trusting to the boasted love of man? How many young hearts have been broken! and hopes innumerable, eternally blighted! What aching heads and throbbing brows, and tearful eyes has he left upon lonely pillows, to weep away their sweet lives in torture, then rest unremembered in the grave!

(From the American Protestant Vindicator.)

ROMANISM IN CANADA.

NO. IV.

To the Honorable Sir Jonathan Sewell, Chief Justice of Lower Canada.

I have thus submitted to your consideration, some of the facts which the recently arrived nun Frances Partridge deliberately and positively attests; and with all solemnity she reiterates the affirmation, that her statements are "the truth and nothing but the truth." I present them to your regard, without note or comment; only assuring you with all confidence, that this momentous matter *cannot rest!* The statements made by Maria Monk, were the isolated avowments of a forlorn young woman, friendless, amid numerous perplexing disadvantages, and unknown. They were denied, and ridiculed; and herself has been the subject of all that reproach which Jesuit tergiversation can invent, and Jesuit malignity effuse. Power, wealth, office and talents, in countless array, have been marshalled against her in vain! All enlightened Protestants in Britain and Ireland believe her "Awful Disclosures," without "the shadow of a shade" of skepticism. Every well-informed Christian in the United States unhesitatingly credits her melancholy narrative. There is not an impartial and competent judge of the subject in Canada, who does not fully avow his conviction of her truth. The whole course of proceedings of the Canadian Popish priests, including their passive and affectedly contemptuous negligence, has invariably tended to confirm her allegations against

the female convents—and now when the judgment of the whole Anglican community on both shores of the Atlantic ocean, was about to be effused in a simultaneous decision, that THE CANADIAN ECCLESIASTICS ARE GUILTY—before the verdict is announced, lo! another voluntary witness appears, a witness whose eyes, ears, hands, mouth and heart; whose intellect and sensibilities, and uniform experience from infancy, through youth, and up to matured womanhood, have constantly been engrossed by the polluting scenes which have been exhibited the tragedies which have been enacted, the buffoonery which has been displayed, and the ever shifting frauds and impostures of that "mystery of iniquity," and that "working of Satan," which away in the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal.

Is it not a self-evident proof of infatuated "strong delusion," in the Roman priests of Montreal, now they are arraigned at the bar of the public, especially wherever the English language is spoken, that they can expect to evade a strict scrutiny?—Their open acknowledgment of guilt, at the present crisis, would not be more demonstrable evidence of the truth of Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures," than the silence which they have so long maintained; the undeniable alterations which have been made on the premises of the Hotel Dieu Convent of Montreal; the farcical examination by which they have attempted to gull the public—and the perjured affidavits, for which Mr. Jones, editor of "L'Ami du Peuple" in Montreal, the very individual who bought them, and paid them the bribe of their perjury, did not dare to deny to me, in the presence of other gentlemen, that he had actually paid the stipulated price!!!

The preceding narrative, it is believed, presents to you, in your official character, as Chief Justice of Lower Canada, topics for grave and judicial investigation. For the present, I only add, that both these late nuns are now in the city of New-York; that Sainte Eustace has already been obliged to attest the substantial truth of her "Awful Disclosures," in judicial form; and that not only Maria Monk, but also Frances Patrick is willing at any time, whenever circumstances render it necessary, to ratify the above testimony, by that "oath for confirmation which is an end of all strife."

I have the honor to be,

Your faithful servant,

G. B.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—We would rather, infinitely rather, see a child of six or seven years, hale and strong, with a clear, ruddy skin, and other marks of a sound physical education, who had not been sent to learn his letters, and could not distinguish A from B, than we would see one pale, delicate looking, lethargic in his movements, even though he could repeat whole pages by rote, ay, or even—and we once knew such an instance—read Homer with his father. In looking forward to their future lives—giving them the same facilities for acquiring information, and supposing the original formation of the brain to be much the same in them both—we would unhesitatingly give it as our opinion that, in the long run, the former would distance the latter in mental capability, and distinguish himself more in whatever path of intellectual usefulness he might be placed.—*Magazine of Health.*

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Nov. 11.

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Nov. 2.

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Autobiography of Thomas Shepard;	Mason on Knowledge; Mulder's Parables;
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Sept. 14.

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